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WANTED, A DRIVER.

THAT the law is equally severe upon rich and poor alike when they do wrong, is a theory which nobody believes. It is so in the case of great offences, or rather, it is then of necessity more severe upon the rich; for no one will deny that—their offences being equal—a term of penal servitude is a greater punishment to an Old Bailey attorney than it is to one of the class whom it is his ordinary mission to defend. But what in the mouth of the private soldier is rank blasphemy, is in that of the captain but a choleric word, and so it must ever be in this world, notwithstanding that the angels weep to see it; nay, times have been, when what was shop-lifting in the distressed needlewoman, was in the lady of fashion kleptomania. There is no more fear of social position being 'respected' than of the sun being shorn of its beams; the anarchical periods when it ceases to be so being about as few, as brief, and as far between, as are total eclipses. Mr Tennyson, while confessing himself 'a Tory to the quick,' narrates how, when at school, he stole 'the fruit, the hens, the eggs' of a splayfoot in his neighbourhood; nay, he and his fellows even stole his sow, and hauled her, great with pig, up to the leads upon their college tower; and when she farrowed, one by one they took her progeny and roasted them, until she was 'left alone upon her tower, the Niobe of swine.' This was really a very strong measure, and nothing is more certain than that, if the culprits had been workhouse boys instead of young gentlemen, they would have been sent to jail, and we should have had some graphic reminiscences of Pentonville in the Laureate's *Ode to Memory*.

Poaching, a crime so dire in the 'eyes severe' of the justice, has seemed to himself, in his third and fourth age, a venial offence enough, and one the discovery of which only entailed 'a row' between his 'governor' and some neighbouring squire; but poor Hodge is punished, notwithstanding his youth, by hard labour and the treadmill. I don't know how much truth there is in the

assertion, commonly made by the poor in London, that 'the bobbies' are unjust; but the difference of tone in which that supposed embodiment of even-handed Justice, the policeman, addresses a man with a good hat and a man with a bad one, is without doubt very marked.

Certainly, a person of position, with money and friends behind him, may venture to do things which might bring very unpleasant consequences to a less fortunate person. He may no longer wrench off knockers and bell-handles, and keep a Museum of such stolen property with impunity, as young gentlemen of fashion were wont to do half a century ago; and if, while driving his mail phaeton in the Park at dangerous speed, he is requested by the guardian of the law to slacken his pace, and the temptation seizes him not only to disobey, but to apply his whip-lash to the shoulders of the blue-coated one—he will have to repent of it in sackcloth, or at least in prison garb: his money (very properly) shall be of no avail; the magistrate will in these days take no fine; and for that mad freak, his head shall assuredly be shaved, or at least cut uncommonly close by the warder's shears. Still, let us who are of the upper ten thousand be of good heart. The Law will still think twice before it condemns persons of our condition, when it would not hesitate at all in the case of the vulgar.

It is whispered that one of her Majesty's judges, in his youth—or at least before his judgment was matured—was so imprudent as to steal a horse. It was absolutely a matter of extreme doubt—his attorney called it 'a very narrow shave'—whether his Lordship would not have to be called to the wrong side of the bar; but, however, a miss is as good as a mile, and he is now on the Bench. It is something to have stolen a horse, and yet to be a judge; but an incident happened to a gentleman of my acquaintance the other day which even still more exemplifies the advantages of position. He is only a barrister, to be sure, and not 'my Lud'; but, on the other hand, he stole a horse and cab!

In this wise. Mr Nathaniel Carnairs, as we

will call him, is, by nature, doubtless as little inclined to larceny (let alone more serious offences) as any other gentleman in Stone Buildings. Being a lawyer, it would perhaps excite ridicule to call him strictly honest; but, apart from his professional practice (which is not large), I never heard a whisper against his principles. Even if his intentions were less honourable, indeed, he is too fond of repose, to what the wise do call 'convey' what belongs to others into his own keeping; if it could be done by absorption, I might have my doubts; but he would scarcely lift a finger (far less a shop) for the sake of gain, nor even to defend his own, so long as enough was left him upon which to live with comfort. If ever there was a philosopher since the good old Grecian days, it was Nathaniel Carmairs; in whom, said his enemies, was united the keenest Epicurean sense of self-gratification, with the most Stoical indifference to the misfortunes of others. But one of the advantages of being a philosopher is not to care what one's enemies say, which was the case with Nathaniel. The opinion of his friends may be equally valueless; but I cannot help saying, that he has always seemed to me to be much too good-natured to deserve so harsh a judgment, and I only wish that everybody who talked as little said as few malicious things. There is a story told of him at his club in connection with a railway accident, which is very characteristic. On the *Great London and Shatterham* line there is a tunnel very favourable to collisions, and which, although a long one, has already cost the company more in compensation to their victims than they expended in its original construction. But a board of directors is not a Body to be dictated to by experience; and in the summer months, when the accident-season is at its height, the Shatterham tunnel is sure to create its sensation. Mr Carmairs, having a villa residence upon this line of railway, uses it very frequently, and at last, of course, came in for the accident. He was all alone, and fast asleep, in a first-class carriage, when his train met another train face to face in the tunnel, with the usual results. He described himself as being rudely awakened by a clap of thunder, followed by an earthquake, which shook his compartment until it became more like a bundle of spills than a place adapted for repose. All was pitch-dark, save for a few glimmering lamps; and the cries of the wounded, or of those who fancied themselves wounded, reminded him (for he has no little knowledge of music) of nothing so much as the *Battle of Prague*. It was of no use appealing to any of the company's servants to bring him another carriage; the cruel necessity had arisen for personal exertion; and my friend resolved to act with vigour. He made his way, amongst the *débris* of vehicles and people, until he discovered another first-class carriage in a tolerably intact condition, climbed up in it, placed his umbrella in the cradle, and his hat in the straps, put on his travelling-cap, and *fell fast asleep again*.

It is impossible to imagine that a gentleman of this placid disposition could wilfully commit a crime. But some men are born thieves; others achieve for themselves a reputation for thieving; and a few have felonies thrust upon them. This last was the case with Nathaniel Carmairs. On the

occasion which I have in my mind, he had been dining at a friend's house in the neighbourhood of Clapham, and did not leave its hospitable gate till the small-hours. Perhaps his host was a congenial spirit, and they both fell asleep after dinner, and did not wake till 2 A.M.; but, at all events, it was past that time when my friend found himself in the wilds of Clapham, and he knew not how many miles from Lincoln's Inn. The notion of *walking* that distance was not repugnant to Mr Carmairs's feelings, simply because the possibility of the thing never entered into his mind. He had too good an opinion of the general system of the universe to suppose that a person of his consequence could be driven to that extremity. He confidently looked forward to be driven in a cab. His friend had informed him that there was a night cab-stand at a particular place, and thither he strolled, nothing doubting, and with a cigar in his mouth. Nor had he been deceived; the cab-stand was there; a long strip of pavement to prevent the horses standing on wet ground; and the bucket belonging to the waterman. Nay, there was even a Hansom casting its weird shadow in the moonlight. But as for a driver, there was none to be seen. We have it upon Mr Carmairs's own testimony that he 'called aloud' for this 'missing link' between himself and the horse, but nothing came of it except a bray from the common. 'It was not an echo,' says Nathaniel, anticipating satire, in his quiet way; 'it was a donkey.'

Having summoned the absent cabman three times, Mr Carmairs, although not of the common-law Bar, concluded he had done all that was legally necessary, and deliberately climbed up into the vacant seat, and drove away. A more timid person might have shrunk from the responsibility of such an act; a more mercurial one might have exulted in it, as in any other mischievous prank; but Mr Carmairs only felt that he was performing an irksome duty in the unjustifiable absence of the proper official. As he drew nearer town, he was more than once hailed by benighted revellers; but he had no desire to make a penny by the transaction in which he was engaged, and refused every one of them. 'Tired,' 'Going home,' or a shake of the head, whenever that response was found sufficient, were replies that shook off these importunate persons; although, if he could have relied upon any of them to drive *him*, he would have surrendered the reins with cheerfulness, got inside, and been asleep in a moment, and when they reached Chancery Lane, the man should have had both horse and Hansom for his trouble. But although these would-be fares strove to tempt him by pecuniary offers, as well as propositions to 'stand' a pot of porter, and even spirits, it never struck them to make the particular overture that Mr Carmairs would have listened to, but which he himself could scarcely propose. The consequence was they had to console themselves with satire; reflections upon his white cravat and embroidered shirt-fronts, which they maintained had been feloniously acquired through the circumstance of his mother being a washer-woman; or upon his elegant gold waistcoat buttons, which they did not hesitate to stigmatise as brass; while he, on his part, had to drive himself all the way. Arrived at Lincoln's Inn, he left the horse and cab at the gate, for the convenience of any other member of the Bar who might be in need of a vehicle, and went quietly to bed.

I doubt whether Nathaniel Carmairs ever gave

himself a thought about that horse and cab again, for he is of a very forgiving disposition, and always endeavours to forget any trouble he may have been put to; at all events, he never mentioned it to me; and as I happened to be at his chambers when the following interview took place, it afforded me some considerable surprise, as well as amusement.

Nathaniel was hard at work as usual—colouring his pipe—and I was watching him, for it was too hot for active exertion, when there came a knock at the door, and immediately after it, two persons of the lower orders. The one looked like a Methodist parson out of employment; the other wore a white hat, a red neckerchief, a green waistcoat, a buff coat, and a pair of old drab trousers, with an enormous patch of new drab on the left knee; he did not therefore require the metal ornament round his neck to proclaim himself the driver of a Hansom cab, who, as everybody knows, are, except the military, the gayest dressers in London.

'You know what I am come about, Mr Carmairs,' observed this rainbow in a menacing voice; 'or, if not, here is my solicitor, who can inform you.'

'Take your seats, gentlemen,' said Nathaniel; 'it is not often that I see a solicitor in these chambers, I do assure you.'

'You were at Clapham this day-week, sir, as I am informed,' observed the person in black severely; 'and on that night, or rather on the following morning, between the hours of two and three, you took a horse and cab from the public stand near the *Roysterer's Arms*.'

'Yes,' said Mr Carmairs yawning, 'I did; but not being before the court at this particular moment, is it necessary, my dear sir, to be so tedious? My friend here is a professional man; this forensic display is therefore thrown away.'

'He owns that he was at Clapham; he owns that he stole the cab,' cried the man in black, moistening his lips in preparation for another flight of eloquence: 'now, see what follows.'

'He is going to weary us,' said Carmairs in an agonised tone; 'I know he is.—Now, cabman, listen to me, if you can direct your attention from your learned friend for half a minute.'—[For he was looking at 'my solicitor' as though he were the embodiment of the wisdom of the Court of Chancery, Ecclesiastical, and Common Law in one.] 'I dare say, you are under the impression that you have a grievance: there—there—I thought so. Well, as a matter of fact, you have none: it is I, and not you, who ought to complain. But sooner than have to listen to you, and still more to this other gentleman, I will give you—what I very seldom get myself—a guinea. There.'

So saying, the philosopher languidly tendered those two coins, the combination of which is so dear to the physician and the barrister (and, indeed, is generally acceptable to all conditions of men)—a sovereign and a shilling.

The cabman's eyes grew bright as his raiment, and his hand mechanically sought his forelock in the act of grateful obeisance. He would certainly have taken the money, had not 'my solicitor' intervened.

'Not so fast,' said this learned gentleman, who had no idea of giving up a case just because his client was satisfied: 'you are not going to get off so easily as that, Mr Carmairs. It is in our power to punish you very severely, and the compensation,

if we forbear to do so, must be proportionate to the offence.'

'I knew he was going to weary,' sighed Nathaniel, putting the coins back into his purse, and shutting his eyes: 'will you kindly wake me when he has done?'

'I suppose, sir,' continued the man of law with pompous gravity, 'notwithstanding you affect to treat this affair with levity, that you know the *Hact*?'

'The Act that relates to cabmen leaving their vehicles on the street without any one to look after them?' murmured Mr Carmairs dreamily. 'Yes; it's a misdemeanour, isn't it?'

At these pregnant words, the cabman and 'my solicitor' held a whispered but animated conference, and then the latter proposed his *ultimatum*. 'I am instructed to say, sir, that for the sum of five pounds, we will abstain from further proceedings, the mere publication of which, as you are well aware' [how little he knew Nathaniel!], 'must seriously affect your reputation. Considering the expenses my client has been put to, I can say no smaller sum, which also includes our loss of time.'

'You are losing it now,' responded Mr Carmairs yawning; 'and what is worse, you are losing mine. You oblige me to recapitulate—which of itself, in the present state of the atmosphere, is an exhausting word. Your friend commits a misdemeanour by leaving his cab; I do not prosecute him for it; I have no intention of prosecuting him for it, although it caused me great inconvenience, by compelling me to drive myself home. I return good for evil, by offering the offender one pound one.'

'We want five pounds,' observed 'my solicitor' drily.

'Just so,' continued Mr Carmairs with a faint smile. 'We all do. The majority of us, however, do not have their aspirations realised. I most sincerely wish you may get it—out of somebody else.'

'Come, sir, what will you give?' inquired 'my solicitor,' suddenly exchanging his menacing gloom for an agreeable frankness. 'The fare from Clapham, to begin with, is three-and-six.'

'Now, look here,' said Mr Carmairs, speaking with what was for him considerable distinctness and effort, and holding his hands out, as if for air; 'a gleam of reason seems to have penetrated into what, I daresay, you call your brain. Take advantage of that lucid interval, and accept these terms, which are the last which I shall offer you. I put aside all the trouble and exertion which your client's carelessness entailed upon me on the occasion in question. I make no charge for driving myself home. Here is a half-crown and a shilling in satisfaction of all demands. Do you take them, or do you leave them?'

'My solicitor' placed his head upon one side, with an embarrassed air, and scratched it thoughtfully. But 'cabby' stepped briskly forward, and before the other could interfere, had transferred the proffered coins to his own pocket, concluding that manoeuvre with a slap upon their place of deposit, which evidently meant: 'Signed, sealed, and delivered;' and so the transaction terminated.

Upon the whole, and considering the attempt that was undoubtedly made to extort money, perhaps no less was done than the Justice of the case demanded. But supposing Mr Nathaniel Carmairs, instead of being a barrister-at-law of Lincoln's Inn, had been (say) a dog-fancier in Seven Dials, who, wishing to ride instead of to walk from Clapham,

had driven *himself* home in a cab, under precisely similar circumstances—I shrewdly suspect that the Police Report that described the occurrence would not have been headed, like this paper, *Wanted, a Driver, but, Stealing a Horse and Cab.*

THE ALBERT N'YANZA.

THE completion by Dr and Mrs Baker of the great enterprise of which Captains Grant and Speke were the pioneers, is the most interesting event which the chroniclers of geographical progress have had to record of late. With the solution of the mystery of ages comes the revelation of many other wonders, equally, although differently mysterious. The anomalies of civilisation are many and great; but they are easily understood, readily borne with, in comparison with the anomalies of savage life, of which Dr Baker's narrative gives a vivid and terrible picture.*

It is a grand story, grandly told, many-sided, and interesting in all its aspects to those who follow its details from Gondokoro, which seems to be the Charing Cross of African travel, to the great basin of the Nile. The imagination follows the brave man and woman who did this great thing with ever-increasing interest; the details of the physical characteristics of the ancient land whose recesses they explored, have a magical charm; the heart beats with an answering exultation to the exultant words which tell how, after months of hardship, terrible even in the recapitulation, the goal was reached at last, the hill was climbed, and the glory of their prize burst upon the weary eyes of the searchers. Fancy revels in the sight *they saw*, when, 'like a sea of quicksilver, lay far beneath the grand expanse of water; a boundless sea-horizon on the south and south-west, glittering in the noonday sun; and on the west, at fifty or sixty miles' distance, blue mountains rising from the bosom of the lake to seven thousand feet above its level.' But under the grander aspects, there are considerations which have power to throw all the interests of science, all the *félat* of discovery and of personal heroism which adorn the narrative, into the shade. They are considerations of the condition of humanity with which the travellers became acquainted.

No foot of European had ever trodden the sand of the shore of that vast inland sea; no white man's eyes had ever scanned the expanse of water; its immensity had never been presented to any mind capable of understanding its meaning. The dwellers by its shores, all unconscious of its mighty beneficence, knew of nought beyond it. They knew nothing of the sacred river whose majestic source was here; of the enormous continent through which its fertilising volume rolls to the sea; of the men beyond that vast ocean; of all the beautiful, awful world in which this water, meaningless to them, is one of the most awful and beautiful objects. Time had given an answer at last to the question asked of the ages, but the question had no sense for them, the answer no significance. Eyes have they, and see not, those wretched human creatures who people the fairest regions of the African continent; ears, and they hear not.

* *The Albert N'Yanza, Great Basin of the Nile, and Explorations of the Nile Sources.* By Samuel White Baker, M.A. F.R.G.S., Gold Medallist of the R.G.S. Macmillan & Co.

Their faculties of enjoyment are only of the lowest kind, almost too low for our comprehension and acquiescence; but they can and do suffer, so variously, and to such extreme extent of suffering, that all the land seems to lie under an ever-present curse of pain. They are utterly unlike the typical negro of any of the pet forms of European theory, as much opposed to one order of fanaticism as to another. The Exeter Hall 'gentleman in black,' equal to the Englishman in intellect, and superior to him in virtue and morals; the pious negro, of gushing sentiments, and equally adapted for 'bar, bench, or bishop,' is not a more outrageously absurd phantom of the philanthropical imagination, when looked at by the stern and steady light shed from these pages, than the opposition type supplied by proslavery theorists. The banjo-playing, bright-tinted-bandana-wearing, grinning, dancing, 'pumpkin-sarse'-eating nigger is only an 'allegory on the banks of the Nile.' Sober and serious thoughts, very painful fancies, and speculations devoid of all guidance, are awakened in the mind, as we follow the track of the explorers through scenes, now of sublime natural beauty, anon of hideous desolation, in which the very deepest abysses of human degradation yawn before the startled gaze, and the limits of the sufferings incidental to human wretchedness are reached. Captain Grant's savage acquaintances were infinitely superior to the human creatures whom Dr and Mrs Baker 'discovered' on the White Nile; and Dr Livingstone's friends, even those who wear the *pelete*, were desirable associates in comparison. This conviction is irresistible; and yet, the truth is told with much modification, and a great deal is absolutely suppressed.

The first instance of certain characteristics, worse and lower than those which we habitually associate with the African savage, is afforded by Dr Baker's account of the Kytch tribe; the saddest episode among many which are very sad, in the story which he has to tell. In no other account of savage tribes is anything so melancholy and so repulsive to be found as in Dr Baker's description of these wretched people. The violence, the brutality, even the cannibalism which characterise so many miserable races of human beings, are less haunting to the imagination, less disturbing in their influence on the mind, than the hideous physical degradation, the appalling condition of chronic want found among the Kytch tribe. Their country might be the domain of Giant Despair; it is a succession of vast, treeless marshes, swarming with mosquitoes, and covered with ant-hills. The people are inconceivably degraded; mere apes, never tasting meat except when they find the carcass of a dead animal, which they enjoy the more the greater the pitch of decomposition which it has attained. They will not work; and exist upon rats, lizards, snakes, and such fish as they can spear by random casts of their rude harpoons. Men and women are entirely naked, and are mere skeletons, with a wasted, gnat-like appearance, sickening even in the picture which presents it to our imagination. They have no dwellings of any kind; merely herding together like wild beasts among the ant-hills, crouching at night in the smoke of their wood-fires, rubbing themselves with the ashes, to protect their shivering bodies from the cold, and spending hours in digging out from their burrows the field-mice, which are

dainty items in their list of comestibles. They devour the skins of dead animals, and pounding the bones between stones, boil them to a horrid kind of porridge, thus utilising every scrap of their chance provision, while they have no notion of providing a regular supply. Hapless wretches that they are, they have all the suffering of their animal instincts, but are so degraded that they cannot even 'consider the ant,' which abounds in their country, from whose industry, wisdom, and art, they derive their sole shelter—the only little trace of comfort in all their woful lives. If it be admissible to use such an expression at all in connection with them, their moral system is lower than any among even the worst specimens of savage tribes; and the Austrian mission, the priests having laboured among them utterly in vain for years, has been finally abandoned. No spark of intelligence, however faint, that the hardy-tried Faith, Hope, and Charity which inspire such exertions all over the world, could blow into ever so feeble a flame, was discernible in these wretched beings' nature.

Arrived at the Latooka country, a tribe presented themselves who differ physically from any of the various types of the savages of the White Nile. They are tall, shapely, finely developed, with handsome features, pleasing countenances, and high, straight foreheads. Their trade is in cattle, and they are a fine warlike race. So far, the picture is pleasing, but only so far; the degradation and brutality of their lives and habits are appalling, and Dr Baker sums them up by the following extract from his journal: 'They have neither gratitude, pity, love, nor self-denial; no idea of duty; no religion, but covetousness, ingratitude, selfishness, and cruelty. All are thieves, idle, envious, and ready to plunder and enslave their weaker neighbours.' These creatures leave their dead unburied, perform 'funeral' dances of a description more than grotesque, wear no clothes, place all their personal ambition in constructing intricate and ponderous head-dresses, mostly helmet-shaped, of their own hair, and which take eight or ten years in their construction. They are entirely ignorant of the art of cultivation of anything but corn, vegetables being quite unknown in their country. The women are wretched, overtasked slaves, horrible to look upon, with their fantastically gashed faces, and hair plastered with red ochre and fat; and their dwellings have to be entered on all-fours, and do not boast even the most rudimentary attempt at a window. Yet the Latooka people are very much superior to any of the Nile tribes with whom Dr Baker was brought into contact, and he details a conversation between himself and Commoro their king, which ought to make Dr Colenso's controversial Zulu look to his argumentative laurels.

The African elephant abounds in the Latooka country, but the people, upon whom the noble brute is a terrible satire, only destroy, it has never occurred to them to domesticate, him. In strong contrast with the Latooka are the Makkarikas, a cannibal tribe on the west bank of the White Nile, concerning whom Dr Baker relates particulars which throw M. Du Chaillu's stories into the region of tame probability and business-like social organisation. The mutual exchange system in the human-flesh trade which he describes as obtaining among the Fanns, does not necessarily, except things are depressed, and

corpses at a premium, imply murder; but the noble savage called a Makkarika loves, like the tiger, to kill his own meat, and has, besides, a peculiar predilection for dogs' flesh. How horrible these wretches are, the mildest of the anecdotes related of their doings will suffice to prove. From the horror of this picture, it is almost pleasant to get to that of the natives of the Obbo country, whither the travellers proceeded from Latooka, journeying through a beautiful park-like country, bounded by a range of noble hills, and diversified by grand granite peaks, rising abruptly from the soft bosom of the dense vegetation in the valleys. The Obbo people are rather good-looking, particularly the women. They are not so wholly devoid of religion as the other tribes, if superstition may be accepted as a proof of the capacity for faith; for though they have not the faintest idea of a Supreme Being, they are craven and abject believers in sorcery. They invest their cunning old chief, Katchiba, with supernatural power, and ceaselessly propitiate him, with a view to future favours. He is excessively cunning, and perhaps deceives himself; at all events, he makes the popular belief pay, and being a really superior man, he is a very good ruler for the wretched creatures who come to him for spells to procure the preservation of their crops, and the increase of their families. Dr Baker trusted the old humbug with the care of his wife during a short absence on an exploring expedition; and as he was perfectly faithful to the trust, and received an excellent character from the lady, presented him with beads, bracelets, and a pair of sun-goggles, in which, as they formed his entire costume, he must have presented a very droll effect. He was extremely pleased, and exhibited himself to his people with much graciousness and complacency.

Next to Mr Boyle's friend, Gasing, the Bornean chief, old Katchiba is the most amusing savage of modern times. His royal progresses are thus simply contrived and conducted. A very strong subject is first selected, and the chief is mounted on his back, his faithful liege gripping his Highness under the legs, and his Highness holding very tight about his strong subject's neck. 'He generally has two or three spare men, who act alternately as guides and ponies, while one of his wives invariably accompanies him, bearing a large jar of beer, with which the old chief refreshes himself so copiously during the journey, that it frequently becomes necessary for two men to carry him instead of one.' Dr Baker declares that Katchiba was a good old fellow—by far the best he met in Africa.

At Obbo, the real hardship and suffering of this terrible undertaking fairly commenced. It is not from the point of view of the explorers and their feats that we are examining the book, but we cannot pass over the sentence—a terrible, simple picture, to which nothing can be added—with which the first volume ends: 'My stock of quinine is reduced to a few grains, and my work lies before me; my cattle are all dead. We are both weakened by repeated fever, and travelling must be on foot.'

They did not travel on foot, however, for fever held them in its gripe four months, during which time the indefatigable Dr Baker purchased and trained three oxen in lieu of horses. He called them 'Beef,' 'Steaks,' and 'Suet'; but was obliged to change 'Beef' into 'Bones,' in consequence of the unfortunate animal having his flesh worried off

him by the flies. In the intervals of fever, he also did a good deal of elephant and boar hunting, and discovered that the wild pigs, with intelligence worthy of imitation by the natives, live underground in cool and secure retreats. The march, when Dr and Mrs Baker were in a condition to undertake it, lay through exquisite scenery, and brought them speedily to the comparative civilisation of the Ungoro, or Kamrasi's country—the king, to whom it is really not absurd to give that title, with whose condition, policy, ambition, and attainments Captains Grant and Speke have made the western world already familiar. He was a treacherous, cruel, grasping coward; and none of the dangers of that frightful journey were more terrible or prolonged than those the travellers incurred from the mingled cupidity and ferocity of Kamrasi. It was the old story of delays and evasions, of continual exaction and habitual deceit, and when the king had given his permission for their departure, and pointed out a chief and a guide who were to take charge of them, affairs then proceeded thus: 'He concluded by asking me,' says Dr Baker, 'for my watch and a number of beads; the latter I gave him, together with a quantity of ammunition for his guns. He shewed me a beautiful double-barrelled rifle that Speke had given him. I wished to secure this, to give to Speke, on my return to England, as he had told me, when at Gondokoro, how he had been obliged to part with that and many other articles against his will. I offered to give him three common double-barrelled guns in exchange for the rifle. This he declined, as he was quite aware of the difference in quality. He then produced a large silver chronometer that he had received from Speke. "It was dead," he said, "and he wished me to repair it." This I declared to be impossible. He then confessed to having explained its construction, and the cause of the "ticking," to his people, by the aid of a needle, and that it had never ticked since that occasion. Thus he had plundered Speke and Grant of all they possessed before he would allow them to proceed.'

The final interview between Dr Baker and Kamrasi was exquisitely ludicrous, and all the more so because it is impossible to avoid seeing that the African potentate had the best of it. Everything was ready, and the glad moment of adieux had arrived, when Kamrasi coolly observed that Dr Baker might go, but he must leave his wife with him! This was a startling announcement, and required to be met with presence of mind. Dr Baker met it so, and with his revolver, which he held close to the sacred person of the king, telling him if he repeated the insult, he would shoot him on the spot. Mrs Baker stormed at him in Arabic, which he did not understand, but which a female interpreter rendered so faithfully, that no doubt Kamrasi perceived that he had proposed to do something which in Ungoro would be equal to 'catching a Tartar,' and replied with some astonishment, but much composure: 'Don't be angry! I had no intention of offending you by asking you for your wife. I will give you a wife, if you want one, and I thought you might make no objection to give me yours; it is my custom to give my visitors pretty wives, and I thought you might exchange. Don't make a fuss about it; if you don't like it, there's an end of it—I will never mention it again.' After which he speeded the parting guests very effectually, and, in particular,

provided them with an escort, three hundred in number, who were like a troop of yelling demons, being attired in leopard or white monkey skins, with cows' tails strapped on behind, antelopes' horns fitted on their heads, and false beards, made of the bushy ends of cows' tails sewed together, and attached to their chins. These creatures capered, danced, screamed, fought, and gesticulated incessantly, and made themselves useful by going on in advance, and plundering the villages, so that the travellers could procure no food, except by purchasing it from them for beads. Some time afterwards, Dr Baker learned that he had been skilfully deceived; that he had never seen the real Kamrasi, but only M'Gambi, his brother, accustomed to personate him, to incur all the risk, and do all the dirty work.

The lake discovered, or rather their previous faith in its existence justified by sight, they embarked in canoes upon its majestic bosom, and made a perilous but most interesting voyage, which surely can never have been surpassed in romantic association since first

He made him a boat of a hollow tree,
And Man became lord of the awful sea.

Quite incomprehensible to their savage attendants, and only interesting in so far as they might be robbed with success and impunity, strange must have been the companionship, wonderful the mutual associations, of the two, who saw and touched, who sailed upon and drank of the mysterious source of the Nile—the problem, the puzzle, the ambition, and the faith of sages and of centuries. A wonderful sense of combined power and helplessness must have come upon them, as they made their explorations and their measurements, as they named the 'Murchison Falls' (as Lord Milton named the magnificent cataracts of the Saskatchewan a little earlier), and finally landed on the island of Patooñ. But now they were again struck down by remorseless fever, and the greater number of their men deserted them, carrying off the canoes, so that they were apparently left there to starve. They did not starve, and they ultimately got away; but after two months of such suffering as it is terrible to read of, and which to realise is, of course, impossible to any fancy unquicken by solitude, exposure, starvation, cruel disease, in the midst of a country never before trodden by a white man, and hundreds of miles from even the outposts of civilisation.

They had lost the boats at Gondokoro; they were both so ill that their being alive at the end of the year, for which they must now inevitably remain in Africa, was eminently improbable; there was no doubt they had been deserted by order of Kamrasi, who was then within thirty miles of them, and who was endeavouring to starve them into an alliance with him, for he was at war with an illustrious prince called Fowooka, and Dr Baker's fourteen guns would have made an important figure in its fortune. What a travesty of the *ruses* and dodges of diplomacy, but with a terrible truth in its deadly meaning for the unfortunate victims of the scheme of the astute savage! Not death, indeed, fortunately for the world, was before Dr and Mrs Baker, but dreadful danger, suspense, and suffering, even after they were released, to witness the revolting scenes of savage warfare, and helplessly to behold the exercise of Kamrasi's fiendish cruelty. The remembrance of the

magnificent deed they had done, became as necessary now for their sustainment, as the hope, the faith, the confidence they had felt in the beginning. It sufficed; they confronted every danger, they surmounted every difficulty; they have reached their native land in health, safety, and renown.

BROUGHT TO LIGHT.

CHAPTER XV.—ANOTHER LINK IN THE CHAIN.

THREE weeks had passed since the return of Mrs Winch to Normanford, and John English's polite dismissal from Belair. The young photographer had kept his word, as far as his stay at Normanford was concerned, going about his business here and there in the daytime, but always making his way back to Cliff Cottage at nightfall. The chain, one end of which he had succeeded in grasping, had broken in his hands, and he knew no more than a blind man where to find the missing links. Being of a straightforward, unsuspicious nature, and not prone to think evil of others, the idea of any cunningly-devised scheme of deception, with himself for the victim, and reputable, well-to-do people for its authors, was one that made its way but slowly into his mind. There were times when he was disposed to consider all his suspicions as so many wild chimeras of his own fancy, without any foundation in fact; and it is not improbable that in some such mood he would have quitted Normanford for ever, had there not been another attraction pulling powerfully at his heart-strings, which made him loath to leave the little country-town, and so quench positively, and for ever, his last faint hopes of again seeing her whom he so dearly loved; for, to see her again, by chance as it were, some day when she was walking or riding out; to see her at a distance, and without her knowledge; was the utmost that he could now hope for. He was banished from Belair; her sweet society was lost to him for ever; his very existence was probably forgotten by this time; but day passed after day, and still John English lingered purposelessly in the little town. From this state of indecision, and restless moody communing with his own heart, he was roused after a time by the receipt of a letter from his friend, Frank Mashiter—a hearty, wholesome letter, which acted as a mental tonic, endowing his faded purpose with fresh vitality, and counselling him in a cheerful friendly spirit to subordinate his day-dreams to the clear practical duty before him—the duty of doing his utmost to trace the hidden links of the chain which evidently connected him in some mysterious way with the landlady of the *Hand and Dagger*.

Frank's letter is like a shower-bath—bracing, but severe,' said John to himself, as he finished reading his friend's epistle. 'Here have I been dreaming away one day after another, like the veriest lotus-eater; forgetting everything but that sweet delusion which is at once the pain and the gladness of my life. But nothing in this world is ever won by dreaming, and I'll build castles in the air no more.'

'I think I see my way to the next step in this matter,' resumed John after some cogitation. 'I want certain information, and if any man can give me it, my friend Mr Edwin can. I'll stroll down to his place this very evening.'

Mr Edwin was, literally and truly, the oldest inhabitant of Normanford, being over ninety years

of age. He had been master of the Foundation School for half a century, but had retired, years ago, on a small annuity, and now lived with his sister, a maiden lady of seventy, in a little cottage on the outskirts of the town. How John English came to know the ex-schoolmaster, was in this wise. He was one morning visited at his lodgings by a little old-fashioned lady with very white hair, and very black eyes, who introduced herself as Miss Edwin, and then went on to say that she had come to ask whether Mr English would do her the favour of taking a photographic likeness of her brother, who was the oldest inhabitant of Normanford, and confined to his house by an infirmity of the feet. Her brother had one son, who had emigrated to Australia many years ago. Father and son would never meet again in this world, and the portrait was wanted as a souvenir to send to that new home across the sea. She, Miss Edwin, was quite aware that portrait-taking was not in Mr English's ordinary line of business; but under the circumstances, he would, perhaps—; and the little white-haired old lady put her two hands together, and looked up so entreatingly in his face, that John had no heart to refuse her request. John called on Mr Edwin the same afternoon, and found him to be a little withered gentleman, very sprightly and cheerful, despite his great age and the ailment which confined him to the house. The portrait was duly taken, as well as one of Miss Edwin, and the two duly despatched to the antipodes; but John's visits to the little cottage did not cease with this; he had grown to like the society of the old gentleman and his sister, a liking which was cordially reciprocated; and he not unfrequently strolled down for an hour after his day's work was over, for the sake of a pleasant chat with the Nestor of the little town.

Mr Edwin, with his sister by way of supplement or addendum, might be considered as a living chronicle of the sayings and doings of Normanford for the last half-century; and John English could not have found any one more likely to supply him with the information he needed. With the propitiatory offering of a packet of genuine Kendal Brown in his pocket—for Mr Edwin was a great snuff-taker—the young photographer went down to the cottage on the evening of the day on which he received the letter from his friend at Nice. It was not difficult to bring the conversation round to the required point, for the ex-schoolmaster was always ready and willing to talk about any person or thing that referred in any way to his beloved town.

'Yes,' said Mr Edwin, in reply to a question of John's, as he balanced a pinch of his favourite mixture between finger and thumb—'the landlady of the *Hand and Dagger* has certainly been a resident of Normanford for many years.—For how many years? Let me consider. Why, for two-and-twenty years, this past summer. She came to Belair with Lady Spencelaugh—with the present Lady Spencelaugh, that is—who is Sir Philip's second wife, his first lady having died in India, poor creature! a few years after marriage. Martha Winch was a young unmarried woman at that time, and a great favourite with her Ladyship. After a time she married Job Winch, a pudding-headed fellow, who originally was hostler at the very hotel of which he afterwards became landlord. I remember it was currently reported at the time that it was her Ladyship's money which put the newly-

married couple into the *Hand and Dagger*; and through all these years, Mrs Winch has never quite broken off her connection with Belair; she still goes frequently to see Lady Spencelaugh.

'How do you account,' said John, 'for the existence of so strong a tie between two people so different in social position as Lady Spencelaugh and Mrs Winch?'

'All I can tell you with regard to that is from hearsay, and not from observation,' replied the schoolmaster. 'Lady Spencelaugh is the daughter of a poor Yorkshire squire. When young, her health was very delicate; and her father, with the view of improving it, sent her to be brought up in the house of a small farmer, one of his tenants, who resided somewhere in that wild stretch of country between Ingleton and Hawes, in the North-west Riding. Mrs Winch that is now, was the daughter of this farmer; and the two girls, living under the same roof for five or six years, became firmly attached to one another; and not all the chances and changes of after-life have been able to trample out this early liking: the great lady up at Belair has never forgotten the friend of her youth.'

'Had not Mrs Winch a brother, when she first came to Normanford?' asked John.

'To be sure she had,' replied the old gentleman; 'and a drunken, dissolute, gambling dog he was—a surgeon by profession. He came to Normanford, and began to practise here soon after the arrival of Lady Spencelaugh; but he was too fond of shaking his elbow to do any good either to himself or others; and after leading a useless, bankrupt-sort-of life for two or three years, he left the country, and has not been heard of in this neighbourhood since.'

'Do you remember his name?' said John.

'To be sure. His name was Jeremiah, or Jerry, as he was more commonly called.'

'But the surname?' urged John.

'Ah, there I confess I'm at fault,' said Mr Edwin, after a minute or two of silent cogitation. 'It was rather an uncommon name, I'm sure; but'—

'Kreefe,' broke in Miss Edwin hastily, and then went on silently with her knitting.

'Ah, to be sure,' said her brother. 'The fellow's name was Jeremiah Kreefe.'

'Was he married?' said John.

'Yes. He brought his wife with him when he came here, and took her away when he went.'

'Any family?'

'No—none,' said Miss Edwin sharply, considering, perhaps, that it was within her province to answer such a question.

'Stay a moment, Janet, my dear,' said Mr Edwin with lifted forefinger. 'Have you forgotten what I told you when I came back from Liverpool?'

'No, I have not forgotten,' answered Miss Edwin; 'but I still hold to the same opinion that I did then, that it was not the child of Dr Kreefe and his wife whom you saw.'

'The child might have been put out to nurse, you know, without any one in this neighbourhood being aware of it,' said her brother.

'A most unlikely thing,' replied Miss Edwin. 'If the child were their own, what necessity existed for any concealment of the fact? Besides, I remember to have heard Mrs Kreefe say more than once, that she thought her husband would love her more, and be a better man, if there was only a pretty baby-face to entice him home of an evening. No, you may rely upon it, Gustavus, the child whom you saw was not their own.'

'Then you incline to the belief,' said Mr Edwin, 'that it was the child of some relative or friend whom they were taking over with them for reasons best known to themselves.'

'I cannot think otherwise,' answered the little lady.

This dialogue was listened to by John English with breathless interest. 'I have a particular reason,' he said, 'for wishing to know all that can now be learned respecting the antecedents of this man. Pray, oblige me by giving me whatever particulars you can recollect of the little incident just spoken of by you.'

'Willingly,' replied Mr Edwin; 'but there is really nothing worth telling. However—to begin at the beginning—Kreefe and his wife had been about two years at Normanford, when it was given out that they were about to emigrate; and sure enough, a few weeks later, the house was shut up, and we were told that they were gone. The fact of their going did not make much impression on my mind, the acquaintanceship between us being of the most distant kind; besides which, I was busy just then fitting out my boy Jack, whose mind was firmly bent on going to Australia. About a week or nine days after the departure of the Kreefes from Normanford, I found myself at Liverpool with Jack in tow. Well, sir, I saw my boy safely on board ship, took my last gripe of his hand, saw the vessel he was in fairly under-way, and was walking slowly along among the docks and basins, for I lost my way going back, but felt just then in too disconsolate a mood to care whither I was wandering, when I saw a cab draw up a few paces before me, from which, much to my surprise, there descended Mr and Mrs Kreefe, and a child, a boy, apparently about five years of age. They did not see me, and in the humour in which I then was, I did not care to go forward and make myself known. I waited a few minutes, and saw their luggage hoisted on board, and themselves cross the gangway, and disappear below decks, and then I came away. Janet and I have talked the matter over many times since that day, but I don't recollect that we have ever spoken of it to any one but you: you see it was no business of ours.'

John had listened to this narration with the deepest interest. Mr Edwin spoke again. 'I remember,' he said, 'that Kreefe's death was reported here several years ago, and that Mrs Winch went into mourning avowedly on his account.'

'Was there not something peculiar,' said John—'something out of the common way, in the appearance of this Dr Kreefe?'

'He walked with a limp, one of his legs being shorter than the other,' said the ex-schoolmaster.

'And had a slight cast in one eye,' added Miss Edwin.

'And a very peculiar, rugose, aquiline nose,' continued her brother. 'Take him altogether, Jeremiah Kreefe was certainly a singular-looking being; and once known, would not readily be forgotten.'

John English walked back to Cliff Cottage that night with many strange new thoughts at work in his mind.

CHAPTER XVI.—THE POSTSCRIPT.

The landlady of the *Hand and Dagger*, sitting one afternoon in a thoughtful mood in the bow-

window of her little snugery, which looked across the market-place, saw John English turn the corner of the opposite street, and make as though he were coming to the hotel. The widow's heart beat faster than usual as she drew back into the darkest corner of the room, but still with her eye fixed on the young photographer. He had been in her thoughts at the very moment of coming into view—he had been there indeed of late to the exclusion of almost every other topic. His prolonged stay in Normanford made her anxious and uneasy. Nearly a month had elapsed since his dismissal from Belair, but still he lingered; and, as Mrs Winch had heard from a reliable source, no hint had yet been received by Mrs Jakeway as to the probability of his early departure. Why did he not go? And why did he call so often on that gossiping old Mr Edwin and his sister—people who had known her (Mrs Winch) ever since her arrival at Normanford? Above all, what and how much of a certain matter did he know? That was the great question; and it was one that troubled Mrs Winch's peace of mind by day and night. And now he was actually coming to visit her! The widow drew in her breath, and her thin lips compressed themselves tightly, while her eyebrows fell a little lower over the cold wary eyes beneath them. She became intent on her sewing. Suddenly the door opened, and John English stood before her.

'Why, Mr English, what a stranger you are!' said the landlady, dropping her work, and rising with much cordiality of manner. 'I thought you had entirely forgotten the old roof that first sheltered you when you came to Normanford;' she stopped to smile on him, and then she added: 'Will you not take a chair? Pray, be seated.'

John English was rather taken aback by this reception, so different from what he had expected; and forgot for a moment or two what he had intended to say. Could it be really true that he had been labouring all this time under some terrible misapprehension—that there was nothing but a mare's nest at the bottom of the business, and that the widow was secretly laughing at him? No, the proofs were too overwhelming; and the woman who stood before him had merely put on that smiling mask to help her in her endeavours to hide the truth.

'We will never mind the old roof just now, if you please, Mrs Winch,' said John gravely, as he closed the door, and advanced into the room. 'I have no doubt you are quite as well aware as I am of the nature of the business which has brought me here to-day—better, perhaps.'

'No, really,' answered the widow, with a little dissenting smile and shake of the head: 'you credit me with far more knowledge, Mr English, than I can claim to possess. Positively, since you put the case on a business footing, I have not the remotest idea as to what has induced you to favour me with a visit this afternoon.' She paused for a moment to thread her needle with steady hand and clear eye. 'Stay, though,' she added as John was about to speak; 'now that I come to think of it, I can perhaps guess the cause of your visit. It is about that ridiculous business of the crossed notes? Annoying to you, I have no doubt; especially after reading by accident my opinion of you as expressed in the note intended for Lady Spencelaugh. How you must have looked when you read it! and the only wonder is, you have not been here about it

before. I declare I have had several good laughs to myself when I have thought about it. But I am forgetting that it has not yet been explained to you. No wonder you look mystified. You see, it all arose through a mistake of mine. Your name is not such a very uncommon one; and I mistook you for another Mr English—a Mr Ephraim English, a man whom I have never seen; but who, unfortunately, has it in his power seriously to annoy both Lady Spencelaugh and me. As soon as I discovered the mistake, I sent Jerry to your lodgings with a message, asking you to be good enough to look in here the first time you might be passing; but, I suppose, the poor foolish lad omitted to deliver it. Under the circumstances, I hope you will accept my apologies for the annoyance which the mistake has caused you. I can assure you that you do not regret it more heartily than I do myself.'

'But you were quite aware from the first, Mrs Winch,' said the young man, 'that my name was John English, and nothing else. I am really at a loss to understand how such a mistake could arise.'

'So was I, when I came to think coolly of it afterwards,' said the widow. 'So stupid of me, was it not? But besides the singular coincidence of the surname, there were other circumstances on which I need not enter now, which induced me to think that you were the person I had in my mind when that note was written. But now that the matter has been clearly explained, I hope there is nothing to prevent our being good friends for the future.'

John was silent. Was this woman's explanation to be accepted as the truth? To his ear, it had not the fine ring of sterling coin. 'We will put aside for the present your explanation of the note, Mrs Winch, which may or may not be correct,' said John in his simple, straightforward way, which had yet nothing of rudeness in it. 'There are one or two other circumstances which I wish to lay before you, and which you may, perhaps, be able to explain equally well.'

The widow had been steadily sewing all this time; she now paused to bite off the end of her thread, and then looked up at John with a smile. She did not speak, but her eyes said: 'Go on' as plainly as words could have done.

'You had a brother,' began John; and then he stopped, for the widow started at his words, and turned on him a quick, terrified glance, which he did not fail to note. But next moment, she was herself again, as cool and collected as before. 'You had a brother,' resumed John; 'by name, Jeremiah Kreefe; by profession, a surgeon; who, with his wife, emigrated to America twenty-one years ago.'

'Quite true,' said the widow; 'and who, you might have added, unfortunately died there some seven or eight years since. Proceed, sir, pray.'

'Mr Kreefe walked with a limp, and had a peculiar cast in one of his eyes.'

'Admitted,' said the widow. 'His misfortune, and not his fault, in both cases.'

'Mr Kreefe never had a son, I think.'

'Certainly not, as far as I am aware.'

'He was in the habit, I believe, of corresponding with you occasionally after his arrival in America.'

'Yes; Jerry and I were always friendly; and I have had many letters from him at different times. But really, Mr English, these are purely family matters, and I do not see in what way they can possibly concern you.'

'I shall come to that presently,' said John. 'As

you were on such intimate terms with your brother, you can doubtless give me some particulars respecting the name, birthplace, and parentage of the child—a boy—whom he took with him from England, and who lived with him in America for four years. Can you not do this?

The widow felt her heart cease beating for a moment or two; she seemed to grow pale internally; but her voice, when she spoke, expressed nothing but genuine surprise.

'You astonish me, Mr English,' she said, 'more than I can tell. I think you must have been misinformed; but if what you say is true, I assure you that I know nothing whatever of any child taken by my brother and his wife with them to America. Surely you *must* have been misinformed.'

'There is nothing but the simple truth in what I have told you,' said John sadly. 'I whom you see before you am that unfortunate child. I was taken across the Atlantic in the care of your brother; I lived with him for four years in some little country town; and then—'

'Yes, and then?' said the widow eagerly.

'What followed after that does not concern my story at present,' said John.—'Do you mean, Mrs Winch,' he went on, 'to tell me solemnly that you know nothing whatever of such a circumstance?'

'I assert most positively, Mr English,' said the landlady, 'that I am in utter and entire ignorance of the transaction you mention. My brother, in this matter, never favoured me with his confidence; and certainly his letters never hinted, even in the most remote manner, at anything of the kind. You have surprised me more than I could express to you in any words.'

'When I came here this afternoon,' said John, 'it was with the conviction that, if you only chose to do so, you could give me some particulars of my birth and parentage—that you could perhaps even tell me my father's name, and reveal to me who I am. But I suppose I must go back as ignorant as I came.'

The widow had triumphed, and she could afford to sympathise. 'I declare, Mr English, it is quite a little romance,' she said; 'hardly to be credited in these sober nineteenth-century days, is it? Sad for you, of course, and I am sure I feel for you sincerely. But the world holds many a good man who has been obliged to do without a father; and I am sure, Mr English, that you have talent enough to make your own career.'

John sat gazing moodily into the fire, but answered never a word.

'My brother, in his letters from Willsburgh—'

'Willsburgh!' exclaimed John, starting up; 'that is the very name! That is the place where I lived with Jeremiah Kreefe. Do what I would, I never could bring it to mind before.—Thank you, Mrs Winch, for so valuable a piece of information; and he took out his pocket-book, and wrote down the name there and then. The widow, in her elation, had incautiously lost a point, and was proportionally mortified thereby.

'And what do you purpose doing next in this matter, Mr English?' she asked.—'It may be useful to know his next move,' she said to herself.

'As soon as my affairs will admit of it,' said John, 'I shall go to America, and hunt out this Willsburgh; and if I only succeed in finding it (and find it I will), I may be able to pick up some information there which will materially assist me in my search.'

'Your search for what?'

'My search for a Name,' said John.

'You appear to forget, Mr English, that my brother and his wife are both dead.'

'Is Mrs Kreefe dead?' said John in a tone of disappointment. 'My hopes lay in finding her still alive.'

'She died shortly after her husband—seven years ago,' said the widow, telling the lie boldly. Barbara Kreefe had only been dead a few months. 'Besides which, they removed from Willsburgh sixteen or seventeen years since, and have doubtless been forgotten long ago.'

'Then my hopes in that direction are crushed into a very small compass,' said John.—'I need not detain you any longer, Mrs Winch,' he said as he rose. 'I suspected you wrongly, and I am sorry for it.'

'Pray do not speak of it, Mr English,' said the widow graciously. 'If I can assist you in any way in this matter, I'm sure I shall be happy to do so.' John English took up his hat.

'Is your stay in Normanford likely to be a long one?' said the widow carelessly, as she proceeded to fold up the work on which she had been so busily engaged.

'I can hardly tell,' said John with hesitation; 'I have little to stay for now, and you may expect any day to hear that I am gone.'

'You will not go without saying good-bye, I hope,' said the smiling landlady.

Scarcely had John said good-bye for the time being, and left the room, than the widow rose, and with flashing eyes, and her hands crossed over her bosom, as though to keep her excitement within bounds, began to pace the little apartment with rapid strides. 'The danger is over, thank Heaven!' she exclaimed fervently; 'but on the edge of what a precipice we have been standing—my Lady and I! How strange that he, out of all the millions now living in the world, should turn up at this out-of-the-way spot, without either instinct or memory to guide his footsteps hither! Who can say with surety that the evil they have done, be it ever so long ago, shall never be brought to light? What a straightforward, frank, handsome fellow he is! Ah, if he only knew all! But I dare not imagine such a possibility. No, we are safe now, my Lady and I—safe—safe—safe!'

Hardly had the last word escaped her lips, when the door was re-opened, and John English stood again before her. Some fine instinct warned her of coming danger, even before he had spoken a word, and she was on her guard in a moment. 'I think, Mrs Winch,' said John—and there was a change in his tone which she did not fail to detect—'I think you stated most positively that the fact of your brother having taken a child with him to America was entirely unknown to you?'

'Precisely so. I had no knowledge of the circumstance whatever.'

'What port did your brother sail from?'

'From Liverpool, I believe.'

'Did you not go to Liverpool with your brother to see him off?' demanded John.

'By what right do you catechise me in this way, Mr English?' said the widow haughtily. All her efforts could not keep the tell-tale colour out of her cheeks.

'By the right of a man who has been foully wronged,' replied John. 'Answer me a straightforward question in a straightforward way, Mrs

Winch. Did you, or did you not, accompany your brother to Liverpool, and see him safe on board ship?

'I did,' said the widow.

'Then most certainly you must be aware that your brother took a child with him in the vessel.'

'I am aware of nothing of the kind. I am positive that there was no child there.'

'Let me refresh your memory; and remember, I have my information from an eye-witness who is still alive. You and your brother, together with his wife and a boy about five years old, were driven in a cab to the dock in which the vessel they were to sail in was moored. You bade them good-bye there and then. Dr Kreefe, his wife, and the lad then went aboard; and after a last wave of the hand, you turned away, and were driven back in the same cab by which you had come.—Who was that boy?'

'I will answer no more questions,' said the widow huskily. She was pale enough now.

'Then you refuse to answer the question I have just asked you?'

'I do.'

'Consider well before you finally decide. You have been prevaricating with me from the first, and that you took a prominent part in the black piece of work which tore a helpless child from his home, and deprived him of his name, I can no longer doubt. But much of this evil may still be undone by a free and frank confession. I warn you, however, that should you still refuse to furnish me with the information I want, I will use my utmost efforts—ay, though it should cost me twenty of the best years of my life, and every penny I possess—to bring this crime to light, and punish the perpetrators of it. Once more I ask you, whose child was it that was taken aboard?'

'The child of a friend,' said the landlady slowly and coldly, 'which my brother agreed to take out to some of its relatives in America. It died during the voyage; and that is all I know of the matter.'

'Woman, you lie!' said John savagely. 'I see plainly that you will not speak the truth. I have given you fair warning; and when the day of retribution comes, I will not spare you.'

'And I warn you, John English, not to meddle further in a matter that in no wise concerns you,' said the widow. 'You know not whether it may lead you. As for your threats, I laugh at them. A young man's empty bravado!—nothing more.—He is gone, and does not hear me. Oh, my lady, my lady! what evil day is this coming surely upon us!'

John English, on leaving his lodgings to walk up to the hotel, had had a note from old Mr Edwin put into his hands. It was a simple invitation to John to go and smoke a friendly pipe with the old gentleman that evening, if not otherwise engaged, but concluded with a postscript, couched in the following words: 'I forgot to mention, when I was telling you the other evening about that affair of Kreefe's, in which you seemed so strangely interested, that Mrs Winch of the *Hand and Dagger* was at the docks that day, at the same time that I was, and saw the doctor, his wife, and the strange child on board the ship.' The postscript then went on to give the further details as recounted by John to Mrs Winch.

John, on receiving the note, had opened it; and having taken in the contents with one careless glance, without noticing the postscript, had then thrust it into his pocket, his mind being

anxiously engaged just then with his approaching visit to Mrs Winch. On leaving the *Hand and Dagger*, he had referred to Mr Edwin's note again, in order to ascertain whether any particular hour had been named by the old gentleman for his visit. What effect the perusal of the postscript had on him, the reader has already seen.

On leaving the *Hand and Dagger* for the second time, John English set off in the direction of Belair. He had made up his mind during the last few minutes to call upon Lady Spencelaugh, and seek from her some explanation as to the contents of Mrs Winch's note, which seemed to connect him in some mysterious way with her Ladyship; for he no longer gave any credence to the landlady's version of the affair. 'Mrs Winch may perhaps be playing a hidden game on her own account, and without Lady Spencelaugh's knowledge; my seeing her Ladyship may therefore be of service both to herself and me. If, on the contrary, her Ladyship is leagued with Mrs Winch against me, I shall at least know the forces against which I have to fight.' The reading of the postscript had decided him not to leave Normanford for the present.

When he reached Belair, he sent in his card, with a remark pencilled on it, that his business was urgent and private. 'Her Ladyship is not at home,' said the large footman, returning after an interval of three minutes with John's card still on his salver. And so John was politely bowed out of the great house.—'I will write to Lady Spencelaugh to-night,' said John to himself, as he sauntered back through the park; 'she shall have my statement of the facts, as well as Mrs Winch's; and she must then judge for herself between the two.'

He wrote accordingly; but his letter was returned to him the following morning in a sealed envelope, without a word of any kind. 'We are to be enemies, then, I suppose,' said John sadly, as he flung his missive into the fire, and watched it shrivel into ashes.

IRISH BULLS.

WHY the Irish, of all people, should be distinguished for bull-making, or why there should exist amongst the natives of Ireland such an innate and irresistible propensity to blunder, it is difficult to conjecture or decide. Mr and Miss Edgeworth, in their inquiry into the etymology of Irish Bulls, endeavour to account for it thus: 'That the English, not being the mother-tongue of the natives of Ireland, to them it is a foreign language, and, consequently, it is scarcely within the limits of probability that they should avoid making blunders both in speaking and writing.' However this may be, an Irish bull is a thing more easily conceived than defined. Perhaps, did we search for its precedent among the long list of bold tropes and figures handed down to us from the old Greek writers and orators, the nearest approach we could find to it would be under the title of *Catachresis*—A catachresis being 'the boldest of any trope, necessity makes it borrow and employ an expression or term contrary to the thing it means to express.' This certainly conveys a just idea of what an Irish bull is or should be.

Many of the following examples we give as original; they occurred within our own personal knowledge, and were never before published. The rest we have selected from a variety of sources, and

have been careful always to distinguish between blunders and bulls—a distinction which is often neglected. Even Mr and Miss Edgeworth themselves have misapprehended the difference in more instances than that of the renowned Paddy Blake, who perpetrated what they call 'a most perfect bull.' On hearing an English gentleman speaking in praise of the fine echo of Killarney, which repeats the sound forty times, Pat promptly replied: 'Faith, sir, that's nothing at all to the fine echo in my father's garden in Galway, for if you say to it: "How do you do, Paddy Blake?" it will immediately make answer: "Pretty well, I thank you, sir."'

Now, this echo of Paddy Blake's, which has 'long been the admiration of Christendom,' does not at all deserve the name or appellation of an Irish bull. It is rather an exquisite specimen of that wit, quickness of repartee and good-humoured drolery, for which the Irish are famous; but it does not present to our mind the double arrangement of thought and expression so absolutely essential to the proper construction of a genuine bull.

One of the richest specimens of a real Irish bull which has ever fallen under our notice, was perpetrated by the clever and witty, but blundering Irish knight, Sir Richard Steele, when inviting a certain English nobleman to visit him. 'If, sir,' said he, 'you ever come within a mile of my house, I *hope you will stop there!*' Another by the same gentleman is well worth recording. Being asked how he accounted for his countrymen making so many bulls, he replied: 'I cannot tell, if it is not the effect of climate. I fancy, if an *Englishman was born in Ireland*, he would just make as many.' The same laughable train of thought seems to have seized upon a countryman of this Irish *litterateur*, who, exceedingly enjoying an apple-pie which was flavoured with a few green gooseberries, exclaimed: 'Ah, what a darling of an *apple-pie* it would be if it were all made of green gooseberries!'

This, again, reminds us of that well-known instance of wounded Irish pride related of the porter of a Dublin grocer, who was brought by his master before a magistrate on a charge of stealing chocolate, to which he could scarcely plead 'not guilty.' On being asked to whom he sold it, the pride of Patrick was exceedingly wounded. 'To whom did I sell it?' cried Pat. 'Now, do you think I was so *mane* as to take it to sell?' 'Pray, then, sir,' said the J. P., 'what did you do with it?' 'Do wud it? Well, then, since you *must* know, I took it home, and me and my ould 'oman made *tay* of it.'

A rich bull is recorded of an Irishman at cards, who, on inspecting the pool, found it deficient: 'Here is a shilling short,' said he: 'who put it in?'

This bull was actually perpetrated; so also was the following: Two eminent members of the Irish bar, Doyle and Yelverton, quarrelled one day, so violently, that from hard words they came to hard blows. Doyle, the more powerful man of the two (at the fist, at least), knocked down his antagonist twice, vehemently exclaiming: 'You scoundrel, I'll make you behave yourself like a gentleman.' To which Yelverton, rising, replied with equal indignation: 'No, sir, never. I defy you, I defy you! You could not do it.'

The next declaration of independence we record occurred to our own knowledge. It was uttered by an exasperated rural lover, whose sweetheart had driven him 'beyond the beyonds' with her 'court-

ings' and 'carryings-on' with his rival. 'I will never *spake* to you more!' he exclaimed with exceeding vexation. 'Keep your *spake* to yourself then,' said the provoking girl coolly; 'I am sure I can live without either it or your company.' 'I am sure so can I, then,' was the wrathful rejoinder.

Here are some more originals: 'Will you run away with me to-morrow night, Kate, dear?' said Phil to his charming rustic belle, who had just arrived at the years of *in-discretion*: 'Ah, no, my dear Phil,' replied the young lady, with great sense of prudence and decorum; 'I will do no such an action as that; but I'll tell you what I will do—*I'll run away without you*, and then you can run after me, and so we will meet at my aunt's that same evenin'!

Perhaps we should explain, that these runaway matches are not by any means very hazardous or romantic affairs; they might more justly be termed *walk-aways*, being as unlike as possible the forcible helter-skelter abduction of the goose by the fox, or the ride of the renowned Lochinvar. The young couple only walk quietly across a few fields (under cover of the night, of course) to the house of some kind-hearted but indiscreet neighbour, who can't think of being so hard-hearted as to prevent them 'gettin' the words said.'

Most of our readers are familiar, no doubt, with the gallant young Irishman, who declared to his sweetheart that he was in such a way about her he couldn't *sleep at night for dreaming of her*. A parallel instance to this occurred in our own hearing, when a poor fellow protested to 'his girl' in the hayfield, that his two eyes *hadn't gone together all night* for thinking about her. 'Very likely they did not,' replied this sweet plague of his life, 'for I see your *nose* is between them!'

The following was perpetrated by a young Irish gentleman, who was exceedingly anxious to meet a certain young Irish lady at the house of a common lady-friend, who had expressed her entire readiness (as most ladies would, under similar temptations) to perform the amiable part of 'daisy-picker' to the young couple.

'But,' said the poor fellow anxiously, 'there is nothing in the world so embarrassing, you know, as to meet a girl by appointment. I am sure, under the circumstances, *I wouldn't be myself—neither would she!* Suppose, my dear madam, you could manage it so as to let us meet at your house some evening *without either of us being aware that the other was present.*'

Still another pair of lovers claim our attention. The young lady less flustered than her admirer, addressed him in these terms: 'I like you exceedingly, but I cannot quit my home. I am a widow's only darling, and no husband could equal my parent in kindness.' 'She may be kind,' replied her wooer enthusiastically, 'but be my wife—we will all live together, and see if I don't *beat your mother!*'

The next Irishman who comes under our notice is married, but not very happily. Having entered into holy bonds at the youthful age of nineteen, he discovers that it is much easier to get the ceremony performed than afterwards to maintain an establishment. Repenting him that he had procured a wife without the means of supporting her, he declares that he never will marry so young again if he lives to be the age of Methuselah.

The next sight we get into the cares and troubles that married life is heir to is through the mild

remonstrance of a Hibernian Paterfamilias, who declares to his wife that he really wishes the children could be kept in the nursery while he is at home, 'although,' he considerably adds, 'I would not object to their noise if they would only keep quiet.'

All this time, however, the ladies have been keeping an *unnatural silence*; and it is time that they should speak out. But let even their Bulls be listened to with gallantry; and especially this one, since it was delivered by a young lady-friend of my own. During a recent visit to London, she was one day defending her country with characteristic warmth against charges made concerning its bull-making propensities by a witty Englishman. 'Well,' he at length exclaimed, 'if you won't allow you commit bulls, you must, at all events, confess you commit an outrageous number of murders!' 'Granted,' cried the Irish girl; 'yet even our murders are not at all so atrocious in their character as your English ones'— 'Oh, now, now!' broke in the gentleman mischievously, 'only listen to this girl defending her murders!' 'No,' she replied; 'not defending, but comparing them. It is seldom you hear of an Irishman staining his own hearthstone with blood, if his wife offend him; a few hard words, or at most a few hard blows, are her punishment; but if the English boor's wife offend him, very likely *she will go to bed to-night to rise in the morning and find her throat cut.*'

On another occasion, when acknowledging some handsome compliments paid her by a young Englishwoman, this same lady exclaimed: 'Ah! my dear Lizzie, how kind of you to think so highly of me as you do! How different you are from other ill-natured girls I know!'

We shall now introduce you to a respectable old lady, who was walking along a country road one day as quietly as any old lady could walk, when suddenly her indignation was aroused, on beholding the untidy abode of a small Irish farmer, who, in true Mrs McClarty style, chose to have his office-houses, cesspool, and dunghill right in front of his dwelling-house, whereupon the old lady exclaimed: 'Dear me, dear me! how I do hate to see a house *with its rear in the front.*'

We shall now proceed to Dublin, where doubtless still resides that old beggar-woman, who, whilst soliciting charity, declared she was the mother of *six small children and a sick husband.*

We wonder was this lady any relation to the poor Irishman who offered his only old saucepan for sale; his children gathering round him inquired why he did so. 'Ah, my honeys,' said he, 'sure I wouldn't be afther partin' wid it if it wasn't to get some money to buy somethin' to put in it.'

It was in Dublin city that our good-humoured maid-of-all-work, Molly, once related to her young mistress a most marvellous dream she had had the night before.

'Pooh, pooh!' cries the latter at its conclusion; 'you must have been asleep, Molly, when you dreamed such nonsense.'

'Indeed, I was not then,' replies the indignant Molly; 'I was just as wide awake as I am this minute.'

We are now going to introduce to you what in drapers' parlance would be called a 'choice variety'; and which we only wish, in displaying our light fantastic stores, we could recommend with half the address with which a draper of my

acquaintance once recommended a certain rich material for ladies' dresses to a customer. 'Madam,' said he, 'it will wear for ever, and make a petticoat afterwards.'

This draper, however, is almost outdone by an enterprising furrier, who intimates to 'all such ladies as desire genuine furs, that he will make muffs, boas, &c. *out of their own skins.*'

The next bull that occurs to me was uttered by a poor woman, who, in all the pride and glory of her maternal heart, was declaring to a kind-hearted listener, that since the world was a world there never was such a clever boy as her Bill—he had just made two chairs and a fiddle out of his own head, and had plenty of wood left for another.

A similar mechanical genius had that Irish carpenter in America, who in sending in his little account to a farmer for whom he had been working, informed him that it was 'for hanging two barn-doors and himself, seven hours, one dollar and a half.'

In direct contradistinction to this acknowledged attempt at self-destruction, we have the story of a certain physician, who, conducting a *post-mortem* examination in a case of infanticide, reported that he was unable to discover whether the child was *alive* at the time of its death, or not.

'As I was going over the bridge the other day,' said a native of Erin: 'I met Pat Hewins. "Hewins," says I, "how are you?" "Pretty well, thank you, Donnelly," says he. "Donnelly!" says I; "that's not my name." "Faith, then, no more is mine Hewins." So with that we looked at aich other agin, an' sure enough it was nayther of us. —And where is the bull in that, now?'

It must have been a twin-sister of this gentleman, who, having been nearly drowned by falling into a well, committed a very rich bull, when she piously and thankfully declared that *only for Providence and another woman* she never would have got out.

Horace Walpole records in his *Walpoliana* an Irish bull, which he pronounces to be the *best* he ever met with. 'I hate that woman,' said a gentleman, looking at a person who had been his nurse— '*I hate her, for when I was a child, she changed me at nurse.*' This was indeed a perplexing assertion: but we have a similar instance recorded in the autobiography of an Irishman, who gravely informs us that he 'ran away early in life from his father, on discovering he was only his uncle.'

Again, a poor Irish lad, complaining of the harsh behaviour of his father, declares he just treats him as if he were his son by another father and mother.

The next bull we record is redolent of the soil, and proves that in Ireland at least the determination to overcome impossibilities is not yet extinct. An Irishman, having challenged a gentleman to fight a duel, who somehow forgot to attend the appointment, met accidentally that same day the offending party, and thus addressed him: 'Well, sir, I met you this morning, but you did not come; however, I am determined to meet you to-morrow morning whether you come or not!' We wonder was the gentleman who displayed such a reluctance to be present the same who declared he would not fight a duel, because he was unwilling to leave his old mother an orphan.

The following piece of naïveté was uttered in a shop in a market-town in County Cavan by a poor Irishwoman: 'What is your tenpenny

ribbon a yard?' she inquired. 'A shilling, ma'am,' was the rather paradoxical reply. 'Very well, then,' said our simple friend; 'nick it at that.' To this we may add the daily demand in such establishments for white ha'penny spools, or black women's stockings, yellow girls' gloves, penny-worths of yard-wide tape, and oh! elastic description! the thing that puckers in and puckers out.

Here comes into our mind a charming little anecdote, so naïve and national in character, that though, strictly speaking, it is neither a blunder nor bull, we cannot refrain from giving it.

An apprentice sailor-boy fell from the 'round top' to the deck, stunned, but little hurt. The captain exclaimed in surprise: 'Why, where did you come from?' 'From the north of Ireland, yer honour!' was the prompt reply, as the poor fellow gathered himself up.

It is only a few months since the *Times* perpetrated a most perfect bull. In a review of Tennyson's *Enoch Arden*, the following sentence occurs relative to the self-denial of Enoch, who keeps his existence a secret from his wife, whom he finds married again and happy. 'He died, but *not until he died*, did he mention to those around him who he was!' Now, who should ever expect, on looking over John Bull's great representative, to meet with such a genuine Irishism as that? We can only account for it by supposing it was perpetrated by an Irishman. We believe a number of them are employed upon the staff of that august publication.

Not to be outdone, however, by its monster contemporary, an Irish paper announces, not many weeks since, the death of a poor deaf man called Gaff. He had been run over by a locomotive, and, adds the paper, 'he received a *similar injury* this time last year.'

Another excellent bull of the same kind was perpetrated by a coroner in the County Limerick this spring. Being asked how he could account for the fearful mortality last winter, he replied: 'I do not know: there are a great many people dying this year *who never died before*.'

To this we may add the story of an Irishman that *nearly* died, according to his own account, through the treatment of his physician, who, he declares, drenched him so with drugs during his illness, that he was *sick for a long time after he got well*.

In *practical bulls*, the Irish are even more famous than in those merely logical: the richest one we ever heard was about a poor Irish peasant who was floundering through a bog on a small ragged pony. In its efforts to push on, the animal got one of its feet entangled in the stirrup; 'Arahh, my boy!' exclaimed the rider, 'if *you* are going to get up, it's time for *me* to get down.'

A good one is related also of a poor Irish servant-maid who was left-handed. Placing the knives and forks upon the dinner-table in the same awkward fashion, her master observed that she had placed them all left-handed. 'Ah, true indeed, sir,' said she, 'and so I have. Would you be pleased to help me to turn the table!'

A very good one occurred in our hearing one evening last winter. An old Irish gentleman, fifty years in 'bonds' of holy wedlock, was telling over to his girls the old, old story, of his former loves and gay flirtations. 'Ah!' exclaimed his daughter Mary, 'it is well for you mamma is asleep on the sofa and does not hear you!' 'Yes,'

said the old lady (wide awake, as it proved, and speaking up in the style of "Tragedy rebuking Comedy"), 'I am glad I *am asleep*!'

Amongst mere blunders, we believe we have met with no richer specimen than this one, perpetrated by a bell-ringer in Cork. 'O yis! O yis! Lost somewhere between twelve o'clock and M'Kinney's store in Market Street, a large brass key. I'll not be after tellin' yees what it is, but it's the key of the bank, sure.'

There is a charming naïveté also in that young Irish lady, who, like many others of the lovely maids of Erin, was more richly endowed with personal attractions than with personal property, and who, being compelled to write to her affianced for money to pay for part of her *trousseau*, appended the following postscript to her letter: 'I was so much ashamed of the request I made you, that I sent after my messenger to get back my letter; but he had already reached the post-office and put it in ere he could be overtaken.'

An English merchant gives us the following: On examining a hoghead of hardware, and comparing it with the invoice, he found it all right with the exception of one hammer, which had been omitted. 'Oh, don't be unaisy, my dear sir,' cried his Irish porter; 'sure the man took it out to open the hoghead.'

We shall give just one more rich specimen of Irish obliquity and blundering phraseology, and then shall have done. It is contained in an electioneering bill, literally and truly furnished by an innkeeper, for the regaling of certain free and independent (?) voters during the time of a contested election in Meath. Some forty years ago, Sir Mark Somerville sent orders to the proprietor of the hotel in Trim to board and lodge all that should vote for him. For this he afterwards received the following, which he got framed, and it still hangs in Somerville House, County Meath. The copy to which we are indebted for this was found among the papers of the late Very Rev. Archdeacon O'Connell, vicar-general of the diocese of Meath: it ran as follows:

16th April, 1826.

My Bill

To eating 16 freeholders above stairs for Sir Marks at 3s 3d a-head is to me L2 12s.

To eating 16 more below stairs and 2 priests after supper is to me L2 15s 9d.

To 6 beds in one room and 4 in a nother at 2 guineas every bed, and not more than four in any bed at any time cheap enough God knows is to me L22 15s.

To 18 horses and 5 mules about my yard all night at 13s every one of them and for a man which was lost on the head of watching them all night is to me L5s 5s 0d.

For breakfast on tay in the morning for every one of them and as many more as they brought as near as can I guess is to me L4 12s 0d.

To raw whiskey and punch without talking of pipes tobacco as well as for porter and as well as for breaking a pot above stairs and other glasses and delf for the first day and night I am not sure but for the three days and a half of the election as little as I can call it and to be very exact it is in all or theriabouts as near as I can guess and not to be too particular is to me at least L79 15s 9d.

For shaving and crapping off the heads of the 49 freeholders for Sir Marks at 13d for every head of them by my brother had a Wote is to me

L2 13s 1d. For a womit and nurse for poor Tom Kernan in the middle of the night when he was not expected is to me ten hogs.

I don't talk of the piper or for keeping him sober as long as he was sober is to me L0.

The Total

2 12 0 0

2 15 0 0

22 15 0 0

5 5 0 0

4 12 0 0

79 15 0 9

2 13 0 1

10 10

0 0

Signed
in the place Jemmy Cars wife
his
Bryan X Garraty
Mark

L110 18 7 you may say L111 0 0 so your Honour Sir Marks send me this eleven hundred by Bryan himself who and I prays for your success always in Trim and no more at present.

THE MONTH: SCIENCE AND ARTS.

The importance of Mr Wilde's magneto-electric apparatus, of which we gave a brief account two months since, may be judged of by what a French savant, who travelled from Paris to Manchester to see it in operation, and who describes the experiments as magnificent, says concerning it: 'The machine,' he writes, 'gives out real torrents of electric light. Though accustomed for many years to make use of this light, we have been almost frightened by the splendour which dazzled our eyes. Twice did we see a long stout piece of wire completely melted. The induced current was so intense that the wire became white-hot, and broke up into large drops in less than two minutes. The most marvellous part of the matter is, that this electricity, this heat, this light, are the result of a real transformation of mechanical force; for apart from the steam-engine which sets the apparatus in motion, the whole static force of the machine consists in six small artificial magnets, capable of carrying a weight of about forty pounds.'

We understand that the Alliance Electric Light Company of Paris have bought the right to use Mr Wilde's machine in France. With scientific men and skilful mechanics working therewith on both sides of the Channel, we may safely predict that ere long some very surprising achievements will be effected. Some foresee that it will bring about little less than a revolution in certain departments of science.

Chevreul, the eminent chemist, has shewn that the old and dim stained glass of windows can be restored to its original brilliancy by a simple process. The glass having been taken from the windows, is plunged for several days in a weak solution of carbonate of soda; it is next washed in clean water, and dipped for some hours in a solution of muriatic acid, of which the specific gravity is 1.080. In this way, the dull and dirty appearance occasioned by years of exposure to dust, smoke, and weather, is completely removed, and the glass becomes as brilliant and beautiful as when it first left the hands of the manufacturer.

The Master of the Mint (Mr Graham) in carrying on the researches on absorption and dialysis, to which on former occasions we have called attention, has made a discovery which promises to be of great importance in the manufacture of iron and steel. While examining the effect of septa of different

metals at a red heat in the absorption and separation of gases, he found that palladium, under certain conditions, will absorb several hundred times its bulk of hydrogen, and that iron will take up a considerable quantity of carbonic oxide gas. This gas permeates the iron through its whole substance, and is therein retained for any length of time, and plays a most important part whenever afterwards the iron may be converted into steel. The carbonic oxide then facilitates the carbonisation of the metal, and as steel may be called iron with carbon in it, anything which facilitates the taking up of carbon must be of advantage alike to those who make and those who use steel. We think it likely that in due time something will be heard of an application of Mr Graham's discovery on a great scale at Sheffield, and with important results. On the subject of wrought iron, Mr Graham remarks that it takes up carbonic oxide during the process of manufacture, and that years afterwards, the gas may be released by exposing the metal to a high temperature, although it has, so to speak, formed a constituent part of the iron. This fact, he suggests, is well worthy the consideration of metallurgists.

The question as to the exhaustion of our coal (on which, by the way, the government have appointed a scientific commission of inquiry) imparts an interest to propositions about fuel and heating beyond what might be otherwise claimed for them. But in noticing the gas-furnace constructed by Mr Siemens, F.R.S., we point out an invention especially meritorious in itself, seeing that it economises all the fuel, all the heat, and gives off no smoke. It is not easy to describe without diagrams: it has a gas-producer standing apart, in which the coal approaches the fireplace by an inclined plane, where it is heated gradually, and parts with all its volatile products, which pass through the fire. The fuel itself is slowly consumed; the carbonic acid, an incombustible gas, is converted into a combustible gas, carbonic oxide, by passing through the thick layer of red-hot coal. Then, below the grate, a cistern of water gives off steam, and each cubic foot of this steam, as it rises and passes through the fire, is decomposed into double that quantity of hydrogen and carbonic oxide, which being inflammable, increase the temperature. The whole of the heating products travel through the furnace, and enter one of four chambers, or regenerators, as Mr Siemens calls them, which are built in the lower part of the structure. These regenerators are used alternately; while one heats, another cools, and the reverse. They intercept the heat, which otherwise would fly from the chimney in waste; and after passing through them, the gas and air reach the heating chamber at nearly the heat of that chamber itself; a heat so intense, that, unless modified, it would fuse the furnace, and everything exposed to its action. No smoke escapes; the heat in the chimney is seldom sufficient to singe wood; and the saving of fuel, compared with an ordinary furnace, is from forty to fifty per cent. For glass houses, for steel-smelters, manufacturers of iron, and any trade or process in which an intense heat is required, the Siemens furnace is eminently suitable. It has already been adopted in some busy manufacturing localities where the atmosphere was once blackened by smoke, and where the inhabitants, no longer annoyed by that nuisance, rejoice at the change.

A few items from the numerous discoveries and

researches made by chemists and technologists are interesting, and admit of useful application. Plaster of Paris, if mixed with a certain quantity of water, and soaked in a bath of hot pitch, parts with the water, takes up a corresponding quantity of pitch, and then forms a substance so very hard and susceptible of polish that it could be used in the manufacture of many useful and ornamental articles.

—An elastic material very serviceable for capping or sealing bottles may be made by mixing an ounce and a half of glycerine with a pound of softened gelatine.—Chloride of magnesia derived from sea-water is convertible into what is called anhydrous magnesia: this latter formed into lumps and soaked with water for several months, becomes hard and transparent as alabaster. This anhydrous magnesia, if powdered and mixed with an equal part of powdered marble, pressed into a mould, and exposed for some time to the action of water, forms a substance like marble, suitable for busts.—Soap-bubbles of extraordinary size and strength may be blown from a mixture of oleate of soda and glycerine. They may be set on wine-glasses, or placed under bell-jars, and will remain unbroken for twenty-four hours. If let fall on the carpet, they will rebound; and if carefully cut open with a pair of scissors, wet with the solution, smaller bubbles may be blown inside. A small bubble examined under the microscope presents in its movements and iridescence a most beautiful object.

At the Franklin Institute, Philadelphia, some new mechanical contrivances, or new applications, have been exhibited, which are worth notice. A National Lifter, as it is called, or Portable Crane, is so constructed as to be easily movable from place to place, and set up by one man, and yet is capable of raising at least ten tons.—A pulley with cam-wheel which, if the rope should break during hoisting, immediately clamps the rope, and so prevents the fall of the weight or load that was being raised.—A gas regulator, in which the flow of gas to a series of burners is regulated under changing conditions of pressure and consumption, by means of a valve controlled by a gasometer floating on mercury.—An altiscope, or telescope, which, by a combination of mirrors and lenses, enables an observer to look over or around an opaque object.—A manufacturer in Massachusetts having observed that his workmen lost twelve per cent. of their time in screwing up and unscrewing the vice at which they worked, has invented a vice in which that defect is obviated, and the jaws can be opened or closed with a single pull or push, and the article operated on is held as tightly as in an ordinary vice. The mechanism of the new vice comprises a rack with ratchet teeth, and a nut with teeth on its under side to fit into those of the rack. This nut rises when the vice is to be opened or closed, but drops into its place when the piece of work is inserted, and then one turn of a screw suffices to tighten up. This is an invention which locksmiths and instrument-makers will doubtless take advantage of.—Cork-springs for luggage-vans and goods-trucks have been tried with success on some of the railways in America. The quality of the cork appears to be unimportant, for the hardest and hardest sorts have been used. The cork is cut into discs about eight inches diameter, with a hole in the centre, which are soaked in a mixture of molasses and water. A number of these discs are then placed in a cylindrical cast-iron box, and compressed by hydraulic pressure to one-half their

thickness. A bolt is run through them, and secured by a nut; the pressure is then relieved, and the cork-spring is complete and ready for use. The pressure which these cork-springs will bear is almost incredible; they remain unimpaired after a course of treatment which completely destroys india-rubber. It is stated that a cork-spring in a forging-machine, though subjected to violent and continual shocks during five years, shewed no signs of deterioration when examined at the end of that period.

We have seen in a coppersmith's workshop thin cushions of india-rubber cuttings placed under the legs of the benches, with a remarkable effect. The workmen in the shop below had long been annoyed and deafened by the noise of the hammering; but when the cushions were placed, as above described, the noise was so much deadened that scarcely a sound passed through the floor. At the same time, there was no loss of solidity in the benches.

For those whose admiration is excited by vast mechanical enterprises, there is abundant matter for excitement in the last Report on East Indian Railways. The line from Calcutta to Delhi, 1105 miles, is now open, excepting a short link, and passenger-trains travel the distance in forty-eight hours, the fares being, first-class, 95 rupees; second-class, 48 rupees; and third-class, 16 rupees—2½d., 1½d., and ¾d. of a penny a mile respectively. This line is carried across the Jumna, at a point about three miles above its confluence with the Ganges, by a bridge 3000 feet in length. In the dry months, the river is comparatively shallow; but during the monsoon, it covers the whole breadth, and rushes along, from fifty to sixty feet deep, at a rate of ten miles an hour. The size of the Jumna may be inferred from the fact, that it is crossed again by the railway, 400 miles higher up, by a bridge 2500 feet in length. The unfinished portion of the line is between this bridge and Delhi; it will be completed before the close of the present year. There will also soon be a continuous line from Calcutta to Bombay, 1395 miles, through Allahabad and Jubbulpore. No wonder that the number of passengers and the goods-traffic increase year by year! In 1864, the passengers numbered 4,150,000; and there is a cry everywhere for double lines and wider bridges, to accommodate the continually growing trade. Fifteen years ago, travellers had to spend three months on the journey from Calcutta to Delhi.

LAND AT LAST.

DAY after day, upon my couch I lie

Lonely and sad, by phantoms vague oppressed;

Ghosts of the Past, whom truant Memory

Recalls to life to rack my tortured breast

With vivid retrospect of fancies bright,

High hopes, and strong affections, in whose ray

Life, love, ambition, glowed with roseate light,

Seeming to herald forth a 'perfect day.'—

Light faded—hopes extinguished—fancies fled—

Feelings repressed till hardened into stone—

The one beloved estranged, and worse than dead—

Helpless, forsaken, humbled, and alone—

One beam still lingers in the western sky;

Love only dies with life: Life—is Eternity.

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